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FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor.



THE ORIENTAL, No. 116 Bowery, between Grand and Hester streets, New York. The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and acquaintances, that he has taken the above house, which he opened on Monday evening, June 9th, 1862. The bar will be supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors, and Segars. The Proprietor will do everything in his power to promote comfort.

JOHN ROCHE.

TOMMY MEAKIN'S BENEFIT.—On Monday 6th inst., a sparring exhibition came off at the house of Jim Giddings, Emerald Hall, 280 Hudson street, Brooklyn, in honor of the aforesaid Meakin, "all the way from Liverpool." We know very little about the man, whether he ever fought, or ever intends to; but one thing is certain, he knows how, and is the right shape for a pugilist. Considering it was held in Brooklyn, the attendance was pretty good, mustering some 250 all told. Among the sparrers were Cannon vs. Noonan, Cottrell vs. Collins, Bill Dwyer vs. Billy Dunn, and Brady vs. Dick Hollywood. That of Dwyer (who is matched with Gallus Mike) and Dunn, proved a highly interesting set-to; the same mood of praise we can conscientiously award to Brady and Hollywood. Brady has just returned from a twenty-months' cruise on the briny sea, full of strength and "old horse," and this was his first appearance. The wind-up, between Jim Heffernan (Slim Jim) and Tommy Meakin, fairly astonished the pious Brooklynites; they were not prepared to see such a good man in Tommy as Meakin showed himself to be. We should like to hear what the Liverpoolian intends doing, for it's a pity to eat the bread of idleness while there are so many boxers just about his weight spoiling for a royal battle. Tell us all about it, Tommy, that's a good fellow. By particular desire, Uncle Bill "set 'em at it," paired 'em, timed 'em, quizzed 'em, and did the grand throughout, as he always does. You can bet 'twere never out of step when the music goes—"no, not he," no, not he." As for Emerald Jim Giddings, he's a trump every way, keeps a quiet, orderly house, good feed, diet liquor, and the illustrious cheroots ever put up for sale. Arrah, but you must call on Jim any way, boys; only give the counter-sign, "Pughamphone," or such as that, accompanied with the postage stamps, and he will give you all the shuff in his cabin—'pon me sowl he will.

THOMAS J. MOONEY VS. JOHNNY ROCHE.—Our remarks about the recent assault and robbery of Johnny Roche have been the cause of winning out the following communication from the

THE MARKED CARDS; SHOWING WHO GOT THE BEST OF IT.

In the summer of 1852, while coming from Chicago to Buffalo, on the steamer Hendrik Hudson, I made the acquaintance of a young man who came aboard of the boat at Milwaukee, and from his appearance and manners, I took him to be a young man from the West going East to attend school. Shortly after leaving Milwaukee, he went below to the saloon and wished to find a party to play a game of euchre, merely to pass away time; the bar-keeper asked me if I would join in and make up the game, as there was only one wanting; I told him I was not much acquainted with cards, the young man said they were only going to play for the segars and some drinks, and it would not be a great deal if I lost. We then commenced the game, and the young man was an opposite partner; I saw by his dealing and shuffling the cards that he was a gambler. We played several games, and it was about an even thing; he then proposed to play for a dollar a corner—that is, each person put up a dollar, and the first two out take the money. The man at my right hand was an old lake captain, and had taken the steamerboat, as his vessel had gone a few days ahead of him, and he expected to overtake it at Mackinaw. When the young man proposed playing for a dollar he was perfectly willing, and appeared to have plenty of money; the other man who was my partner I knew but little of, but was satisfied he was no carder; I told them rather than break up the game I would continue playing, and put up my money. The first game we lost; the old captain, who had been drinking quite freely, wanted to play for five dollars instead of one, remarking that he could never get rich at such a game as that; I told them I was willing, and the game went on. After playing some two hours or more, we agreed to wait until after supper; as soon as the game was over, the young man threw the cards overboard, and then went out of the saloon. I asked the bar-keeper who the young man was; he said he was not much acquainted with him, but told me he lived in Buffalo, and that he often went up the lake for the benefit of his health; he was then satisfied he was a gambler. After tea, we were in the saloon, and commenced the game again, at five dollars a corner. I thought my chance as good as his, and was determined to play as long as I saw it was a square game; after playing an hour or more, I was thirty dollars ahead, when the young man got uneasy, and the old captain quit and went to bed. I then proposed playing three-headed, each man for himself; the other man objected, and said he thought he would go to bed. The young man then offered to play me single-handed for the same amount; I told him I was willing, and he called for a new pack of cards. We commenced again, and I perceived he was playing an advantage on me, and commenced looking to see in what quarter; I soon learned he was playing marked cards on me, but continued playing, as I thought it policy to do so. It was then near twelve o'clock, and I told him we had better wait till morning, as my head ached. Before quitting I palmed some ten or fifteen cards on him, put them in my pocket, and started for my state-room, where I examined the cards and saw how they were marked; he had only the aces, kings, queens, and jacks marked, but in such a way he could tell the suit as well. I then laid a trap for him; the cards were paid back, and in the morning I went below, and found a young man, to whom I told I wished to tell a secret; after convincing myself he could be trusted, I told him to go to the bar-keeper and get a pack of cards, to be sure and get paid back, and if the bar-keeper should ask him who they were for, to tell him he wished to have a game in the steeage for some segars, and be sure to not let the bar-keeper or any other person see him coming into my state-room. He went and got the cards, which I saw were the same kind, with the exception of the marks; I then took the queen and put the mark he had on the ace, and on the king I put the mark of the queen, and then took the cards and handled them to make them appear as if they had been played with a short time, and told the young man to say nothing about this to any person; he promised he would not; I then left my room and went to the saloon, where the young man was waiting me; he asked me if I had seen the old captain; the bar-keeper then told me he had left during the night at some place we had stopped. The young man asked me if I would like to try a game; I told him I was not particular, but would rather play in some other place, as the saloon was too public to play for money; he asked me where we should go; I told him we could play in my room, as there was a small

stand in it, and I would go up and see if the berth was made, and if it was I would come down and let him know. I then went out and found my young man, and told him to come to my room; I don't mean the gambler, but the young man I previously sent for the cards, and told him to take the pack of cards I had marked, and when I gave him a sign, which would be the raising of my hat just before I sat down to dinner, I then wanted him to go out on the guard of the boat, go into my state-room, take up the cards which he would find laying there, and lay the ones I had just given him in the same place; I told him to do it as unobserved as he possibly could; he said he would. I then went down and saw the young gambler, and told him everything was ready. He then called for a pack of cards, and we commenced playing at ten dollars a single game; as I knew the cards as well as himself, he had very little advantage of me; we played until the first bell rang, when we concluded to stop until after dinner. I was sixty dollars winner of him. We then had our dinner, when I gave the young man the sign. After dinner we commenced again, when I told the young man it was a slow game for such a small amount of money, at least, it would be considered so in my country; he asked me what country I came from; I told him I was from Texas, and that they never played any game there for less than a hundred dollars; he said he was willing to play for any amount; I then told him we might as well call it a hundred dollars, as one or the other would be winner to a good amount, to which he agreed. I then beat him four straight games, and played until I won eight hundred dollars of him; he said he had no more money with him, took the cards, and started down to the saloon; I followed him, and saw him conversing with the bar-keeper.

I afterwards learned from a gentleman on the boat, that the young man traveled the lakes most of the time, and that his partner had won two thousand dollars a few days previously in Milwaukee, of a man from the northern part of Wisconsin, who was engaged in the lumber business very extensively, that they had played marked cards on him and he threatened to prosecute them.

They had to leave the city, but it seems he had left his partner, and, I suppose, went in with the bar-keeper; but it was a losing operation for both of them. I saw them afterwards looking over the cards. The young man that assisted me I gave twenty dollars to him to say nothing of the affair, and left the boat at Detroit.

THE FIVE ACES AND THE NIGGER STEALER.

In the fall of 1851, I started from Chicago with my partner, for a Southern trip, expecting to return in the following spring. We arrived in St. Louis, and remained a few days, until we found a boat going to New Orleans, which suited us. While waiting, I saw a young man with whom I was acquainted; he showed me some California "lumps," the first I ever saw; he said they were an entirely new thing, and if I wanted some, he would let me have them at a small advance on what he paid for them in California. I took one dozen, and my partner and myself started for the hotel; he asked what I intended doing with them; I told him they were as good as so much gold. I went and bought a Panama hat, and went down on the levee; the steamerboat Grand Turk had just arrived from New Orleans, with a load of California passengers; they were coming ashore and taking boats for different places—some up the Upper Mississippi, and others up the Illinois and Missouri rivers. I went aboard of a Missouri river packet that had quite a number of California passengers on board, and represented myself as a returned Californian, and being short of the coin, I had been up in the city to dispose of a specimen, but could not get the worth of it. One man asked me to let him look at it, which I did; he asked me how much I wanted for it; I told him it was worth about seven dollars; he said he would give five dollars for it, and I let him have it; I sold ten lumps on that boat for fifty dollars; they would not weigh more than five or six dollars if they had been genuine, and after leaving the boat I sold two more on the levee for five dollars apiece, which made sixty dollars for the twelve lumps, which made me a clean profit of fifty-three dollars, as I paid seven dollars for the dozen. I told my partner we had better remain a few weeks, as we could not do any better, and I would get another lot; we concluded to remain another week, which we did, and made one hundred and eighty dollars. We bought another lot, and took the steamerboat Grand Turk for New Orleans, where we arrived after a passage of ten days; we then took the steamship Louisiana for Galveston, Texas. Among the passengers was a man about thirty-five years of age, who seemed very fond of playing cards, and wished to play most of the time, and from his conversation he was a man who had never been South; he took me by the arm in a very familiar way, and said, "I think I know you." I told him that if he did he had the advantage of me, as I did not know him. I asked him where he had known me; he asked me if I remembered riding in a stage from Niagara Falls to Lewiston; I then remembered him. He said he had lived in Canada, but was then from Illinois. He then asked me if I could keep a secret; I told him I thought I could. He then went on and related that he had lived the last six months in Illinois, and during the time, had been engaged in counterfeiting and horse stealing, and had made the acquaintance of a negro who had run away from the State of Delaware, and tried for a long time to induce him to go South with him, but the negro suspected him, and finally he told him he was going to California, and told the negro he would take him out there, and he could work and pay him back, when they got there. The negro finally consented to go, and they were to take a steamerboat to New Orleans, and from there take the steamship to Chagres, and across the Isthmus. When they arrived in New Orleans, he took the negro and sold him for four hundred and fifty dollars, and was now on his way to Texas, to try his fortune; he asked me what kind of country it was; I told him I was not much acquainted in Texas, but from what I had seen of it, I thought it a fine country. He asked me if I was alone; I told him I was, and he proposed we should travel in company; I told him I would see, as I had a little business to attend to in Galveston, I might possibly arrange so as to travel with him. I then left him and went to my state-room; I told my partner what had transpired, and thought we might make something out of him, as he had some five or six hundred dollars; we concluded to try him with the five aces, but did not like to beat him on the boat, as we might have to return the money, and as we were within a few hours' sail of Galveston, we thought we would wait and beat him as the boat was nearing the dock; I left my partner and found my man again, and engaged him in conversation until the boat was near the city, when I asked him if he would go to my state-room and take a drink, as I had some better liquor than that they kept on the boat. He said he would, we went, and just before we reached the door I beckoned my partner, who came up and asked me where the saloon was, said that he had been looking for it, and wished something to drink as he had been sea-sick ever since the ship had left New Orleans; I told him I had some good liquor, and asked him if he would join us in a glass; he said he would. We then went in and shut the door; my partner spoke and said, "I guess you play cards here," and he took a pack of cards from one of the berths; I told him

they were left there by some other passengers; he said, "I will show you a trick;" we took a drink, and he shuffled the cards, and took out the four aces and laid the ace of clubs and ace of hearts on the top of half the pack, and took the other half in his hand, and turning around, said we could not so place the cards but what the four aces would come out together; I took the ace of hearts and put it into the man's bosom, and winked at him; my partner then turned around and took the remaining part of the pack and put them all together; he asked us to shuffle them, which I did; he said, "Do you suppose I can make them all come out together?" I told him I did not know; he said he would bet a thousand dollars that they would all come out together; the man spoke and said, "I will bet you five hundred dollars that they will not come out together." I asked him to wait and let me bet; he said, "No, I wish to bet." He then counted out five hundred dollars on the Louisiana State Bank, and I was to be stakeholder. My partner then put up his money, and handed it to me; I asked him how the bet was to be decided; the man said he was to deal the cards, and if the four aces were there, he, my partner, was to have the money, but if not, he was to have it, at the same time putting his hand in his bosom to feel that the card was still there. My partner commenced running the cards off, and came to the first one, the ace of clubs, then the ace of spades, and the ace of diamonds, and then, holding up the next card, said, "if this is the ace of hearts, the money is mine;" I said that was the agreement; he threw down the card, and said, "Then give me the money," which I did, and he immediately left the state-room. The man looked very much surprised, and, taking the other ace out of his bosom, asked me how he had done it; I said I did not know, unless he had changed the spots; he said that was impossible; I said it was fortunate for me that I did not bet, as I should have lost every dollar I had. He said he had about a hundred dollars left; I told him he might go down in Mexico and run over another nigger, and he would get even; he said he thought he would. The boat then landed, and we went ashore; the man went up into the city; the boat, after taking in coal, proceeded on her way, and we kept on until she reached Port Lavaca, where we left her. The kidnapper I never saw since.—*Brady's Work on the Science of Gambling.*

RIDING ON A RAIL;

OR,

JUDGE LYNCH OUTWITTED.

Some years ago, Judge Lynch claimed a broad jurisdiction, in and about the vicinity of T., Florida. He took cognizance of all matters, and punished all offences, which were not otherwise provided for by law. No informality, or lack of proof positive, screened the culprit from the infliction of his summary mode of punishment. If an individual, by any indiscretion or impropriety of conduct, rendered himself obnoxious, Judge Lynch was sure to apply the corrective. The public constituted the judge's grand jury, and just so sure as an individual excited the public voice against him, just so sure he was compelled to undergo the sentence of the judge, without the benefit of clergy.

I forgot who was the first rail-rode man in Florida, but I well recollect that not a few passengers were conveyed out of the corporate limits of T., on a single rail, that being the punishment in ordinary cases. But I have not forgot the first time that the judge's sentence could not be executed, and when his executive officers met with a resistance which they could not overcome.

John Rodgers was given to drink, and when under the influence of the brain-stealer, was, in his own estimation, the most unfortunate man living. Naturally a quiet, well-disposed fellow; when intoxicated he became noisy, quarrelsome, and disagreeable. On that day, he had indulged to excess, and had got into numerous quarrels, in one of which he fired a horse pistol on a small boy, who returned the compliment by peppering him with a full charge of shot from a fowling-piece. The distance between the parties, however, prevented any serious damage being done, and but for the great disproportion in the size and age of the antagonists, the duel between John Rodgers and the race rider, would have passed off without notice. It soon became the town talk, however, and as John went staggering through the streets, swearing vengeance, and exhibiting his wounds—his right arm and hand having received several of the shot—his conduct tended much to increase the excitement against him. Judge Lynch was not slow to make a decision in the case, and before dark, it was currently given out that John Rodgers was to be ridden upon a rail that night.

Now, of all other men, perhaps, John Rodgers had the greatest aversion to "sittin' on a rail." He would rather have died than suffer such an indignity; and immediately on receiving this intelligence, he resolved that he would not be caught "sleepin' very sound." He then took another large drink, and after clearing his throat, exclaimed in a whining tone of voice:

"Ride on a rail!—Why, I'll be shot if I'd be rid on a rail for five thousand dollars."

"Well, you'd better put out then," said the gentleman of the bar, as he set back the bottle, and popped the "pick." into the drawer. "Judge Lynch has said it."

"Well, now, I'm not gwine to be scared no such trick," said John. "Judge Lynch be hanged."

John sauntered out, crying and muttering to himself—"I'll blow 'em all to—, if they come a projectin' about this child."

He then stepped into a store, and purchased three pounds of powder, which he tied up in a silk pocket handkerchief. As it grew towards dark, John, with his handkerchief under his arm, walked into a confectionary, kept by a good old Frenchman, and purchased a few cigars; lighted one of them, and commenced smoking. Already the officers of the high court of Judge Lynch were in pursuit of him; and as he saw them gather round the door, he began to puff away at his cigar, and mutter curses against "the whole pack of 'em."

"Yes," said he; "you come tryin' that ere, and you'll get waked up worse than ever you was afore—blast nation seize your pickers. You jest fool with this child—that's all—and if I don't blow you to kingdom come—you see if I don't!"

The crowd which had assembled round the door, now gradually entered the room, and as they did so, John began to flourish his cigar, and cry:

"Jest you tetch me now. If you lay your hands on me, I'll send you whirling, if this ere powder's good for anythin'. I don't care for myself—I'd rather be blown through the roof of this here store, than be rid on a rail—a confounded sight!"

This last speech had attracted the attention of the old Frenchman, who began to look very uneasy.

"Ha, what dat you shall say?—blow off de roof from my house?"

"Lay hold of him," said the judge, who generally attended the execution of his sentence in person; "lay hold of him, fellows!"

"Stand off! Stand off!" exclaimed John, at the top of his voice, as he held up the powder in one hand, and the cigar in the other. "Do you see this 'ere cigar, and this 'ere powder? Jest you lay your hands on me, and I'll tetch 'em together. If I don't now, dat burn me."

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the old Frenchman. "Go out of my house, sair—begone with your

poodre and cigar—what le diable?—will you blow up my property?"

"Well, let 'em let me alone, then. I'll blow all hands up, and myself too, before I'll be rid on a rail."

"Gather him up, gentlemen," said the judge; "the sentence of the law must be executed."

The crowd, which had now increased in number, gradually drew round the besieged Rodgers, and the end of the rail was seen entering the door.

"Here goes, then!" exclaimed Rodgers, drawing the cigar from his mouth, and applying it close to the handkerchief. There was a sudden rush to the doors, and a confusion of voices crying out, "Stop! Stop!" "Don't! Don't!"—above all of which might be heard the old Frenchman crying out, "Murdare! Murdare!"

"Well," said Rodgers, as the crowd dispersed, "I'd just as lieve be killed, as rid on a rail."

"I tell you one, two, several times, to begone vid your poodre magazine, and your cigar. Will you leave my house, sair?"

But Rodgers could neither be persuaded nor driven from his position against the wall, until the old man had prevailed upon the Lynch party to withdraw to some distance from the door. He then left the house, much to the relief of the old Frenchman; but ever and anon, as the crowd approached, he would prepare to apply the match. At one time they approached with more than usual determination, and when they had got quite near, one was heard to say—"Bring the rail!"

"You try it," said John; "and if you don't get into a hornet's nest, it'll be because fire won't burn powder; now mind."

The circle began cautiously to close round him, but as John knocked the ashes from his cigar, at the same time producing a few sparks, preparatory to touching it to the powder, he was again suddenly left alone. The individual who had worried himself considerably by carrying the rail, in his sudden retreat, dashed it to the ground, and exclaiming, *Non comatible in statu combustibilis!* abandoned the attempt—the rest of the posse soon imitated his example, leaving Rodgers triumphant.

Thus Judge Lynch, for the first time, witnessed the most utter contempt of his authority, and the most determined defiance of his power.

The following morning found John Rodgers a sober man, and from that time forth, he was never seen within the jurisdiction of Judge Lynch, of T., Florida.

FARO AND ROULETTE AT WASHINGTON.

A Washington correspondent of the Chicago Times has "been to see the tiger," and here is the way he describes the animal:

A ring at the door bell, and a reconnaissance through its grated upper half by a stalwart negro, then up a pair of stairs, through an ante-room, and we stand in the carpeted, elegant jangles of the modern "tiger." There are two wide, lofty rooms, divided by folding doors, both dazzling with light, softly carpeted, decorated with elegant and voluptuous paintings, and seemingly just the spot where poor tired humanity would come to get a foretaste of Eden, and recuperate for the stern battles of life. In the first room is a sideboard, upon whose shelves are rows of elegant decanters; through which blazes the purple stand or flashes the crystalline extract of the juniper—*Anglice*, gin.

In this room is also a roulette table, which, as we enter, is vacant, and in the other room is a faro table, around which are gathered a half-dozen men so absorbed in the game that were Gabriel to rock the earth with a blast from his trumpet, they would never hear it.

I won't describe the game, for what little, if any, is not known about it in Chicago, is not known anywhere else, even in this city of iniquity—Washington.

Behind the table sits the dealer—long in finger, white in hand, and with the inevitable cluster of brilliantia sparkling from digit and shirt bosom. He is grey-eyed, peck-marked, resolute, and yet pleasant in appearance, with a breadth of shoulder and depth of chest that show him to be no mean man in case of an exchange of fistic courtesies.

On his right hand stands a captain, playing with half-dollar checks, and investing one at a time, evidently a loser, for, as his check is raked down he follows it with a sigh, and I doubt not a curse upon the capriciousness of Fortune. He has but a half-dozen checks, in a minute they are gone, and, after going to a corner and examining an empty pocket-book, he returns and stands moodily watching the game.

Next to him is a thickset young man, who, with something less than a bushel of ten and twenty dollar checks at his side, is with the most perfect nonchalance betting from one to five hundred dollars upon his cards, and winning or losing without the slightest change of countenance. But he is lucky; every card he bets on wins until, after half an hour he loses three or four times in succession, and then, with the remark, "My luck is changed, I guess I'll quit," he counts over his checks to the dealer, who coolly as if it were a matter of five cents, passes over to the lucky individual thirty seven hundred dollar three per cent coupons of United States Treasury notes. Thrusting the immense pile of paper in his coat pocket, the gentleman rises, takes a cigar and drink at the sideboard, and then with a "good night gentlemen," he walks out.

The dealer proceeds unconcernedly, while I dizzied at such results draw out a solitary five and deposit on the king. In just three seconds the claws of the tiger covered my lonely and long-treasured five, and I see it no more—and I may add that I haven't seen it since.

A young gentleman, evidently a clerk in a dry goods store, sits on my left, and is betting and losing. Two or three times his checks run out, and then he goes to a friend, and whispers a moment, and finally returns with a ten, which he invests in checks, and loses. At last he comes back from one of his side excursions with a lowering brow, and no money. He sits down, watches the game a moment, and leaves.

About in this style went the game—one man winning, all the balance losing. By and by an elegant supper was served in an upper room, and then the party adjourned and commenced playing roulette, and officers appeared to be out of luck, for here, in less than half an hour, I saw a Federal Captain lose some \$620. Everybody lost till just before I left, when the young gentleman who had been borrowing and betting on faro, returned. He watched the spinning of the ball a short time, and then took a bystander aside. "But you owe me fifty now," I heard the other say.

"I'll give it all back to-morrow," was the reply. Finally he came back with a "green back," to the amount of twenty. He put it all on the red; red won. The whole pile again went on red, and again red was winner. He changed to black, and black won. In short, everything that he laid his money on was the winning color. In less than five minutes from the time he began, he quietly cashed his checks, and left with over \$1800.

So much for luck.

During the two hours that I was in the establishment some five or six thousand dollars changed hands.

There are some five or six first-class establishments of the kind in Washington, besides any quantity of others of lesser note. They are well-known to the police, and in fact everybody else, but are not disturbed. They are as much necessary to Congress as the nigger question, and nearly or quite as much patronized.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1862.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BON RIDLEY.—"In a private trial of two horses, on the road, A. P. bet J. H. \$20 that his (A. P.'s) horse would trot a mile in three minutes. The horse does it in exactly three minutes, whereupon J. H. claims it as a draw. I hold the stakes in the bet, and submit the dispute for your decision."..... We don't see any grounds for dispute, at all. A. P. wins the bet, beyond question. He bet that his horse would make the mile in three minutes; and it was made in that time. What more is needed? By what right, or by what rules, does J. H. assume it to be a draw? A. P. wins the money fairly, and it is your duty to hand it over to him, first taking his guarantee that he will refund the money should the losing man sue you. If J. H. is a square man, there is no danger of his suing. If he is on the make, the chances are against you.

E. E. Albany, N. Y.—"I bet that 40 would win, in throwing dice for a watch. There were two 40s, and in throwing off, 38 was the highest, and took the prize. I claim that I win the bet, which my opponent denies. We have agreed to abide by your judgment. Which wins?"..... You win the bet; for 40, certainly, did take the watch, the throwing off being merely necessary to determine which of the two 40s the prize should be awarded to.

ELLA.—Carlotia Patti is the third daughter of Madame Barilli Patti. This lady had four daughters. Lotidia, the eldest, married the son of the late Col. Thorne, of New York. Amelia, the next, is now Madame Strakosch. Carlotia Patti is married to Sig. Scola, who is now traveling as musical director for Manager Nixon. Adeline seems likely to puzzle the London Punch, and remain Signorina Adeline.

ARNOLD, N. Y.—Base Ball.—A player is running from 1st base, the next striker is caught out in the field, and the ball is passed to 2nd base in time to head off the one running from 1st base. Is it necessary to touch the man, or only to touch the base?..... The player must be touched, as he is not forced from the 1st base.

COPIERICKS, St. Louis.—1. All right about "Tom Quick." 2. See Jake Escher's new advertisement of his Bowery in your city. 3. We published a list of the company at our Winter Garden when it opened for the present season, and have already noticed the addition of Mr. and Mrs. Conway.

VOLUNTEER, 15th Regt., Mass., Vol.—All Fours.—"A and B are playing All-fours, 5 up. Each player has scored three points. In the next hand A scores high, game, and B low, Jack. Which wins?"..... B wins, in consequence of the point for Jack being taken before the point for game.

CEPPUS, Concord, N. H.—Tom Sayers has never been in this country. He talked of visiting us, but the disgraceful ending to the fight with Heenan, at Farnborough, no doubt induced him to change his mind for the time being.

P. R.—Pacing is a gait between running and trotting. It is rather faster than trotting, but not as fast as running. Some horses pace naturally, while others are taught. It is a movement made by lifting the legs on the same side together.

D. J. S., Cincinnati.—No horse ran against Lexington when he made the four miles in the extraordinary time of seven minutes, nineteen and three-quarter seconds. It was a match against time.

ROMEO, Montreal.—Mrs. Buckland is English by birth, her maiden name Kate Horn, and at present in Montreal, where her husband is lessee of the Theatre Royal.

CLAVIN, N. Y.—1. We are not advised of his intentions. 2. The gentleman is general business agent, we believe, for the establishment. 3. He was recently married.

H. J. D., Hartford.—If we mistake not, you will find a response to your letter in one of our previous issues. At present, we prefer not to enter into any fresh engagements.

NED NUTTING AND CAMERA, Troy, N. Y.—Sad news about the Adelphi. Obligated to say but little about it this week. Thanks for your attentions.

FRED COPPERS, 10th Regt., Harper's Ferry.—Letters to hand O. K. You are on our books; all papers are sent direct from this office.

S. SMITH, Market Square, Toronto.—Address the author, Media, Del. Co., Pa.

VANDALL, Port Royal.—Hon. Mike Walsh was found dead in the area of a house in 7th Ave., on the morning of March 17, 1869.

L. H. STEVENSON, Montreal.—We are sorry, but we have not a single copy on hand.

SOULE, Providence, R. I.—Thanks for attentions and intentions.

PETER PROBITY, Dundas, C. W.—Thanks. Write whenever convenient.

M. E. W., Chicopee, Mass.—Paul Cain and his son are in Baltimore.

FITZ, Washington, D. C.—Much obliged. Your friendly proposal is under consideration.

DETROIT.—She was in Philadelphia last week, and may be there still for aught we know.

C. F., Havana, Cuba.—She is still under engagement to Mr. Nixon.

READER, New Haven, Conn.—Tom Spring was never defeated by Jack Langhan.

L. B. H., Indiana.—Was admitted into the Union before Mississippi.

C. CHASE, Boston.—Mozart was a German.

W. S., Washington, D. C.—He should pay for the sight.

LARRY, Salem, N. J.—He cannot play it alone.

HEENAN IN ENGLAND.

PROPOSITION TO MATCH HIM AGAINST MACE.

\$100 A Side Staked.

CHANGE OF BASE BY HEENAN'S BACKER.

We have repeatedly expressed the opinion that John C. Heenan will not return to this country without again meeting the Champion of England, be it Mace, King, or any other man. There is a good deal of strategy being used in regard to the much talked of second International Match, and just now scouts are out feeling each other's position. Mace still stands by his offer to fight Heenan in preference to all others. He really seems to be in earnest, and he is always ready to post the money in support of his offer. Mace, just now, is busy in getting ready for his approaching contest with Tom King, for which match £130 a-side are now down.

According to recent advices from London, it is apparent that efforts are not wanting to bring about another big match. It is stated in the London Sporting Life that recently, at Owen Swift's, over some talk about the late fight for the Championship, a discussion arose regarding the respective merits of Mace and Heenan, when a match was made between Mr. J. Coney, on the part of Mace, and a well-known member of Tattersall's, on the part of Heenan, and £20 a side staked, for a battle to take place for £500 a side, within six months after Mace's present engagement with King, "win or lose." A few days afterwards, the backer of Heenan did not feel inclined to go on with the match, and on the same being expressed to Mr. Coney, he declined to claim forfeit, although ready and anxious to go on with the match, according to agreement, on Mace's behalf. Who this "well-known member of Tattersall's" is, we have not learned; neither have we been informed of his reason for drawing his money; although we presume that it is a little too early to make any such active demonstration on the part of Heenan. He may be waiting to see how the coming match between Mace and King will eventuate, so that he can challenge the winner at once. This match, it is believed, will be stoutly contested, and arrangements are being made to insure its coming off without interruption. Both men are represented as being in excellent health, taking every requisite care of themselves, and preparing carefully for the encounter, which will be invested with additional interest, from the probability that the winner will have to meet the champion of America, John C. Heenan.

FIRST PRIZE FIGHT IN NEW ZEALAND.—In our foreign department will be found some particulars of the first prize battle that was ever fought in New Zealand, which may be therefore considered as a curiosity in the annals of the P. R. Verily, the doctrine of muscle and mind combined, is being acknowledged as orthodox the world over. A man's a man with a that, is true enough, but take away either 't' other or 'h' which, and a man as he was intended to be, is not there. All muscle and no mind levels a man with the brutes of the field; all mind and no muscle, necessarily makes a man a dreamer, and a dabbler in theories of no practical service to himself or anybody else. To do nothing but think is stupid, idiotic; to do anything without thought, is ditto repeated. We don't see the difference. A happy combination of both, makes the man; no more and no less.

GAME FOWLS.—At the late New York State Fair, held in Rochester, premiums for the best game fowls were awarded to E. N. Bissell, of Sherrburn, Vt., and E. A. Wendell, of Albany.

NOW AND THEN.

SPORTING LITERATURE—SPORTING MATTERS—"RACING SHRIMPS."

SINCE the present editor and proprietor of the New York Clipper commenced the publication of that journal, nearly ten years ago, there has been a great revolution in sporting literature, both in England and America. Ten years ago, *Bell's Life in London* was the accredited sporting organ of England, as the *Spirit of the Times* was of this country. Both were sold at the high price of twelve cents each, per No. Numerous efforts had been made to compete with those blanket sheets, but only one the new comers were forced to give way before the strong influence of the old established papers. Money was liberally spent to give vitality and a permanent existence to the new publications, but their proprietors lacked stamina, and *Bell's Life* and the *Spirit of the Times* drove all competitors off the track; and for a number of years thereafter, "walked over the course" without opposition. We had long been a "silent looker-on in Venice;" we had noted the decline and fall of timorous publishers, and their feeble attempts in the way of sporting literature. Changes had already taken place in the daily newspapers, the unwieldy sixpenny sheets giving place to the penny and two-penny papers, while the carrier system was wiped out by the competition of news agencies scattered broadcast over the land. It was in the early spring of 1853 that we conceived the idea of starting a cheap weekly sporting paper, and with a very small capital (\$300 in all), but with energy, and a will to work honestly and hard, we set this ball in motion, and on the 30th of April, 1853, the first number of the New York Clipper appeared. Coming from the ranks of the people, with no influential friend to lend us a helping hand, it was hardly to be supposed that we should do even as well as those who had preceded us, and who had "died and made no sign," and our early decrease was confidently foretold. But here we are, the oldest sporting journal on the American continent, and the recognized and reliable sporting and theatrical paper of the country.

The establishment of the Clipper created a revolution in sporting literature in the old world and the new. Our success emboldened others to try their fortunes, but they were a day too late. In Philadelphia, in Boston, in the West, in the Canadas, feeble imitations of the Clipper have been started only to subject their originators to heavy losses, and to make our success the more permanent. The *Spirit of the Times* was fast going down hill, and to prevent the name from dying out entirely, a sort of "tender" to that high-priced journal was started, the new sheet, which was called *Porter's Spirit*, being furnished at the reduced price of six cents. Wm. T. Porter was the head and front of this new journal. He was a gentleman generally admired by sporting men, and his kind and generous nature was, in later years, taken advantage of by some of those professing to be his friends. For nearly a quarter of a century he was the conductor of the *Spirit of the Times*, and in that time he had acquired a vast fund of information on sporting subjects, the specialty of his paper, however, being racing and race horses. Of what a different stripe were the supporters of the turf in those days to what they are now. Men of mark, of wide influence, and unblemished character, were not ashamed to be seen taking an active part in racing matters. In those days such men as the Livingstons, the Tillotsons, the Stevenses, the Joneses, the Stocktons, and other influential and high minded men managed our races; in those days, the North had its stables as well as the South. Blacklegs were not then permitted to get up "race meetings," as they are called, to speculate upon the credulity of the people, and to degrade the turf to a level with their own gambling hells. Not the managers of old were gentlemen, not blackguards. Wm. T. Porter was induced, in an unguarded moment, to turn his back upon the *Spirit* office, and upon many warm-hearted friends who had stood by him for years. He was prevailed upon to lend his name and aid to start an opposition to the Clipper, and to the *Spirit of the Times*. Thoughtlessly, he gave his word, and the connection which had so pleasantly existed between Wm. T. Porter and the *Spirit of the Times* for nearly a quarter of a century, was severed. How his heart must have ached him when he had time to realize the depressing effect the change had wrought in him, and how his sensitive spirit must have drooped at the dreary prospects in store for him.

"Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopped,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is."

Poor Porter! He is dead now, and may the turf lie gently on his mouldering frame.

The *Spirit of the Times* was unable to stand up against the youth and spirit of the Clipper. It survived its originator but a little while, and the journal that held the sway in sporting matters for nearly thirty years is now known no more. *Porter's Spirit* is likewise dead; and the *Challenge*, which was also started some years ago to swamp us, was long since swallowed up in the Clipper; the same with many other papers that were meant to stop us in our onward progress. All have given up the ghost as sporting journals. One, we believe, still exists as a political, secession, anti-McClellan sheet, but its scurrilous character, the black-leg propensities of its chief contributors, and the rebellious character of some of its corporals' guard of supporters, make it of some use in the field that "Gayety's Medicated Paper" occupies, but in no other. For all we know it may have driven "Gayety" out of the field altogether.

The revolution has been great in England, too. Big Bell has found a formidable competitor in the *Sporting Life*, a semi-weekly publication, patterned, to a certain extent, after the Clipper. It is a two-cent paper, and though but a few years in existence, it has already attained a very large circulation and influence, and has indicated a serious blow upon *Bell's Life*. Another cheap sporting paper has recently been started in London, called the *Illustrated Sporting News*. And in Ireland, we have a new candidate for public favor called the *Irish Sporting Record*, the second number of which came to hand by last mail, by which we discover that the *Irish Sporting Times* has "gone in," the editorial corps having been transferred to the *Record*. All in the cheap and popular form. A change is also manifest in the publication of sporting books. What works now come forward are on the cheap system. We don't see any more of those ponderous volumes which give the reader a grain of wheat in a bushel of chaff. The days of such long-winded dissertations went out when the Clipper came in. Sporting literature is more to the point now. You get the substance in a nut shell, and you get it so that you can understand it, too. Old foginess has given place to the swift and steady advances of Young America. Even the old style of gymnastics has been improved on, and our "New Gymnastics," an excellent article on which recently appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly," embrace a wider range of usefulness than the old, and are made useful to man and woman, boy and girl. The new system is yet in its infancy, but its sphere of usefulness is being extended daily, and we hope ere long to see it introduced in all our public and private schools.

Truly, we had no idea—when we started the Clipper—that such a complete revolution would follow its teachings in so short a time. Our success may be attributed, in a great measure, to the principles upon which our sheet has been, and is conducted. We have ever made it a leading point to protect our readers against the trickery and dishonest practices of "professional sporting characters." Our reports of sporting events are always correct and reliable. If a speculator gets up a square race to-day, and a swindle to-morrow, we give the dirty devil his due in both instances. If success attends him to-day, we say so; if failure to-morrow, the truth is recorded. We are bound to no clique; we are perfectly independent; we would sooner do ourselves a hundred wrongs, than injure an innocent person in the slightest degree; we war against those whose purpose it is to swindle an unsuspecting public; we have our enemies—and who has not?—but they are those whose friendship does more injury than their enmity; they are unscrupulous characters, whose occupation, in many instances, is the demoralization and ruin of the young and thoughtless; the enticement of strangers or weak-minded persons into their hellish dens of infamy; into their magnificently furnished gambling houses, the dazzling appointments of which are intended to fascinate and bewilder their victims that they may the more easily be made the dupe of their designs. We war against the turf swindler as well as the gambler

—in fact, some individuals combine both vices in their habits—and we are glad to see that our efforts to expose such characters have not been without their beneficial results. While creating a revolution in sporting literature, the Clipper has likewise done good service in bringing to light the men and the machinery by which the sporting public have late years been humbugged and swindled, and we intend to follow up the good work. So let the racing "shrimp" and the "gambling sardine" look out.

SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD. ENGLAND, AUSTRALIA, AND AMERICA.

SINCE the efforts to bring about a match between the then Champion of America, Joshua Ward, and Chambers, the Champion of England, a year or two since, unfortunately failed—owing to the latter's unwillingness to enter into the contest, after Ward had staked the required sum of money in responsible hands here, he (Chambers) creeping out of the affair, under, to say the least, very lame excuses—but little has been said upon the subject, and strangely enough, but few important sculling matches have taken place either here or in England, the most important, perhaps, being the match between Ward and Hamill, at Philadelphia, a short time since, when the former gave place to the latter on the pinnacle of aquatic fame, Hamill having attained the summit so far as the United States are concerned. For a few days after Hamill's victory, sundry loose rumors reached us that Hamill would set sail shortly for Albion's shores, to have a dash at some of the big guns there, and, perhaps, Chambers, who was not a sound was heard, not even of a muffled oar, of the contemplated voyage, and our crack oar, for want of sufficient oar, may be, has resumed his wonted occupation. In the meantime, however, the trans-Atlantic aquatic fraternity have been aroused from their slumbers by the appearance among them, comet-like, of the Australian Champion, R. Green, who is brought prominently before the British public by the following paragraph in the *Sporting Life*, of September 24—

"It is with great pleasure we have it in our power to inform our readers that there is every probability of a scullers' match being made between the English Champion, and R. Green, the Australian Champion, to row for the Championship and £200 a side, over the Metropolitan course, from Putney Aqueduct to the Old Ship, at Mortlake. It was originally the intention of Green not to make a match with Chambers until the arrival of his sculling boat, which is expected from Australia in the middle of next month, but a well-founded report having got wind that Everson would shortly throw down the gauntlet to Chambers, Green and his backers determined to be the first in the field, and opened a correspondence with the Northern Champion and his backers, which has been so far favorable that we believe our next number will contain the news of the match having been made. Green has not lost any time in acclimatizing himself, and scarcely a day passes without his taking a breathing on the Thames, in company with his mentor, Harry Kelley. Although he has been out so frequently, so cautious has he been of exposing himself in his true 'form' that no correct 'line' has been got at—much to the chagrin of the knowing ones. His apparent style does not meet the approbation of those who admire the very neat school, but there is an under-current of strength and dash displayed from time to time, that cautions the wary observer to bide some other opportunity ere he decides. We shall from time to time give an account of the doings of the men, more especially of the Australian Champion, who is on the spot, being at Putney, domiciled with Harry Kelley, at the Belles."

Notwithstanding the hope held out in the above paragraph, it appears that some sort of a hitch occurred in the proceedings, and that as yet, everything remains mere surmise, at least such is the inference to be drawn from a statement in the next issue of the same paper, which says that "Green had written privately to Chambers, on Monday, but has not received an answer. George Everson, of Greenwich, whose easy victory over George Hemmerton raised him at once to the first rank as a sculler, has sent a challenge to Chambers to row on the championship terms, therefore the lovers of good rowing can confidently look forward to Chambers having at least one match on; but neither of the contests, even if both are made, will take place this year. We shall give due notice and all particulars of the match, or matches, as soon as the preliminaries are arranged."

Now here is just where we want to feather our oar a little, and just by a twist of the wrist say that as neither of the above matches are likely to take place this year, it is possible that an arrangement might be entered into between Ward, Hamill, and their friends, and Chambers, Green, and Hamerton, and their friends, for a grand aquatic display for no less an honor than the CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD, and a good round sum, that might easily be raised, to take place on one of our American rivers or lakes, as may be deemed best, the money all to be given to the victor, or allotted in prizes by gradation as might be agreed upon. In addition to this, also, at judicious intervals, the different men might be matched one against the other in single scull and paired races. Should some such arrangement be made, we have no doubt but that a number of the second rates of both countries would also join in, to make it the greatest aquatic jubilee the world has ever known, "or heart tell on." All in favor of the above, will so manifest by the usual sign. CLIPPER. The above is merely thrown out in crude shape for our aquatic friends to ponder over.

FLIP FLAPS.

The "favorite of the army" has again disappointed his enemies and the enemies of his country by his bold and manly order to his soldiers, touching the President's Emancipation Proclamation. It is a stirring and patriotic paper, and will go far towards reducing the rebellion. It is a crusher to the enemy, it is a deadly blow to the designs of those among us who have so long and so zealously labored for the overthrow of Gen. George B. McClellan. This order to his soldiers, combined with his recent brilliant victories at South Mountain and Antietam, has scattered many of the enemies of McClellan to the wind. The President of the United States, the Heads of Departments at Washington, corporate bodies everywhere, without regard to party politics, have issued orders, and passed resolutions, congratulating our young General on the successes he has achieved, and the patriotism and loyalty he has exhibited under all circumstances. Even Horace Greeley takes the back track, and has a good word to say for him since his order on the Emancipation Proclamation was issued. His enemies are turning flip flaps and worming themselves inside out in every imaginable manner. One of these flip flap chaps, who once put forth long arguments to prove McClellan a traitor, now thinks that he does not mean to be a traitor. Oh! most learned judge, most supple acrobat, what a lamentable flip flap. There's nothing like a change of base for such people, however much they may object to it in others. Some of his traducers have a fling at him, because he, the commander in chief, in the late battles, did not expose himself to the fire of the enemy, and stand up to be shot at. What nonsense. Over the shooting of McClellan, the rebels would have exulted as much as his New York enemies; our army might have been routed, and Baltimore, Washington, and Philadelphia become a prey to the lawlessness of a rebel foe. Those who desire the overthrow of the North, wish the death of McClellan; no others. But the brave young commander has circumvented both enemies in their foul designs. From his lofty stand point he watched the progress of the battle of Antietam, and he noted well how the day was going. By his military genius and skill he thwarted the enemy, drove them out of Maryland, gained the day, and still lives to battle again in behalf of his country. Some of the wolves are still at his heels, but he heeds them not. The "favorite of the army" scorns even to kick such barking curs.

WHAT OF THE FIGHT?—Jem Mace and Tom King are reported to be doing some "work," now; or, rather, training themselves for the important event in which they are shortly to compete for the Championship of England, and £400. The Benicia Boy, we hear, is keeping a watchful eye on the movements of both, and gaining points as he moves along; these points may be made serviceable at some future time. Just now, the Boy keeps with the American circus, "putting up his hands" twice a day with any comer who fancies the honor of a set-to with the tall son of Benicia. Mace, we learn, does not expect to retain the belt without sundry severe tussles, and though he has once beaten the King, yet he is striving to get into tip top fettle, knowing that Tom will enter the ring a better man than he ever was before. As the night lengths, and the cold strengthens, the boys begin to discuss the merits of the two pugs, and venture a little on the result of the conflict.

TROTTER BY MOONLIGHT.—We had a couple of pretty exciting trotting matches last week, the most important being the race between Robert Fillingham and General Butler, which took place on the Fashion Course, L. I., on the 8th inst. Fillingham is the stallion that recently defeated Ethan Allen so easily, and the result of that race made the stallion the favorite in betting in the present trot, at two to one, until the first heat was decided, when Butler's stock went up with a rush. Fillingham was beaten by the General, the last heat being trotted by moonlight, patrol judges being stationed on the course to see that all was fair. A report of the race is given elsewhere. The backers of Fillingham were, apparently, sorely disappointed at the defeat of their favorite. There was a pretty good attendance at the defeat of their trot. Good, honest trotting matches are generally well patronized at the North. Racing has nothing like the number of admirers that trotting has. Racing is more popular at the South, while trotting is most in favor with us. There is more real sport and excitement in a square trotting match. Racing was once in good odor in the North, but that was many, many years ago, when gentlemen, and not professional blacklegs and blackguards had the management of race meetings. Then, the announcement of running races was hailed with delight, and thousands of our best citizens assisted to make the meetings a success, and thousands more turned out to witness the trials of speed. Oh! for the days of old. Oh! for the days of honest management, racing matters. Efforts have repeatedly been made since those days to revive that love for racing, but without avail.

ANOTHER HORSE FAIR.—Arrangements have been made for holding what is called a "National Horse Fair," in Hartford, Conn. We presume the arrangements must have been perfected before the recent fizzle at Chicago, Illinois, or another attempt would not have been made to trot out the animals in a "Grand Horse Show." The Hartford Horse Convention is called for the 14th, 15th, and 16th inst., and premiums to the amount of over two thousand dollars are said to depend upon the decisions of the horse committee. We trust there may be no fighting about these premiums, as there was at Chicago, when even the ladies got their choler up, and vilified each other and the committee with a ferocity fearful to behold. If ladies should put in as appearance at the Hartford Show, let them be sure that the committee is composed of honest men.

GAMBLING IN THE ARMY.—They do say that there is still a good deal of gambling going on in the army. In nearly every regiment, some proficient in the art of gambling has wormed himself; and once among the men, it is not very difficult to get up "game." Towards this game a greater part of the earnings of some of the soldiers is devoted, while their families are left destitute. It does not take long, when once the game is "interesting," to run up a "penny ante" to a dollar a pop, and no questions asked. Drop it, boys, or the "game" will squeeze you as dry as a sponge.

"SEEING GEORGE."—Old Abe doesn't like to trust important matters to Tom, Dick, and Harry. When he has a good thing at hand, he attends to it himself, and that's why he recently went to the battle field of Antietam "to see George." He had some valuable information to impart to the young General, and he desired to have his views upon the subject as well, and rather than risk anything, he meets McClellan in person, and they quietly discuss matters by themselves. We expect some more United States successes as the result of this visit to McClellan and his grand army.

BIG RUN AT BILLIARDS.—"A witness," who gives us no sign of which we can identify him, and whose statement we cannot, therefore, fully endorse, says that, "on the 1st inst., Mr. John Henry ran eleven hundred and sixty points while playing a game at billiards at Phil. Tieman's saloon at Cincinnati, and that Mr. Henry is a nephew of the veteran player, Mr. Michael Phelan, now in California, but hailing from this city." Giving full weight to our credulity, we pronounce the above a big thing on billiards, and Mr. Henry, the "nephew of his uncle," a worthy "chip of the old block." Let the blood be perpetuated.


SCULLING MATCH.—On Monday, 6th inst., an off-hand sculling match took place on the Delaware, at Philadelphia, between Jas. McCusker and Elisha Morris. The same boat was used by both men, Morris first trying his abilities in a pull to the island and back, which he made in five minutes and forty-five seconds. McCusker made the distance in five minutes and one second. The space pulled over may be somewhere in the neighborhood of three quarters of a mile.

QUICK TRIP.—On the 28th of July, the bark Azelia went to sea from the Delaware Breakwater, for Pernambuco. She returned to Philadelphia on the 17th September, having made the passage out and home, including a detention of twenty days, in the shortest time of seventy days. This is very fast sailing, and is said to be the fastest trip ever made between the two ports.

"THEATRE ACTING."—Just cast your eyes over our Theatrical Record, and see what a budget of theatrical and show news the Clipper treats its readers to. The Clipper is the reliable organ of the profession, and it is looked for with equal interest by our readers in Australia, California, Europe, and in all parts of America. Clear the track for the "saucy little Clipper."

GOOD BOYS.—A number of trots took place on one of the Philadelphia race tracks, (the old Lamb Tavern), last week, the proceeds being devoted to the relief of disabled soldiers. The horses were trotted expressly for this charitable object, and "two-thirds of the clergy" had nothing to do with it! "Git up!"

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GRAND RE-OPENING.
In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Plantation
Scenes, &c., &c. For Particulars see bills of the day.
Tickets 25 cents. 20-4f

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
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This popular establishment will

COMMENCE THEIR SIXTH REGULAR SEASON
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Consist of the following Gentlemen:

LON MORRIS, E. BOWERS,
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E. W. PRESCOTT, F. WILMARTH,
J. L. GILBERT, F. FREDERICKS,
J. P. ENDRE, J. J. HILLIARD,
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The Management call particular notice to the above distinguished array of Talent.

Tickets 25 cents; Reserved Seats 50 cents.
22-4f LON MORRIS, Manager.

THE NEW TROUPE OF STARS.
ARLINGTON & DONNIKER'S MINSTRELS.
This Troupe consists of the very best

ETHIOPIAN PERFORMERS.
And in introducing their Entertainments, the Managers beg to
assure the Public that every energy will be used to make it
worthy the patronage of their friends and all lovers of
ARTISTIC MINSTRELS.

and that no expense has been or will be spared to make this the
NE PLUS ULTRA

OF ETHIOPIAN ENTERTAINMENTS.
The Company comprises the following Gentlemen:—

WM. ARLINGTON, J. B. DONNIKER,
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WM. H. BUTLER, FRED SPORR,
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FRANK ANGELO, SIGNOR ANGELO,
DAN M. HOLT, RICHARD ARNOLD,
J. R. FARRELL, ALPH BISHOP,
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LATE ST. LOUIS OPERA HOUSE.
After a most successful season of eight and a half months, is
now open with the following Company:

MISS LOUISA WELLS, MISS LIZZY WALBY,
MISS M. DREW, MISS LIDA HIBBARD,
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The Sisters, MR. R. S. RAYMOND,
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The theatrical race for public patronage and pap is still going
on quite briskly; now one being added, now another. The com-
petition is big, and no mistake, and greater exertions to be
made were never before made. Look at the attractions offered by
the four theatres on Broadway. Where can be found companies
to equal these? New York seems to have drained the theatrical
man from this season; for outside of the metropolis, great trouble
has been experienced in getting together even tolerable com-
panies. Some managers, who came here

